RED VS. BLUE

S17E01

v1

Written by

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AF BEYERS VEJ 4A 2.tv
VANLOSE
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2720
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EXT. TIME STORM, THE VOID

The birth of a cosmos, backwards. Hot orange fireworks in reverse. Waves of black. SONIC BOOMS as membranes of reality knit together, edges shimmering.

A membrane shifts, revealing an island. A soap bubble - blue on top, translucent beneath, encircling an iceberg, topped with dust-red rock.

SARGE (O.S.)
I have questions.

Cut closer, BOOM. The bubble is a pale, translucent white, and topped with a painted-on sky. A white rim skirts the rock-berg's middle, like a thin walkway.

SARGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Just what are we *doing* here, soldiers?

Closer. BOOM. A gulch is atop the rock-berg.

SARGE (CONT'D)
Would y'all mind splainin' to me why we - especially Grif -

EXT. BLOOD GULCH, RED BASE - DAY

BOOM.

SARGE
-have so far *failed* to retrieve the blues' *flag?*

SARGE stands before GRIF & SIMMONS on top of Red Base.

GRIF
I'm gonna answer your question *with* a question. Fuck you?

SARGE
(PACING, HANDS BEHIND BACK)
Theory: the lay of the land makes us an enormous target! Especia(lly)

GRIF (INTERRUPTING)
(quick, dry)
Especially me.

Sarge gestures at the rolling expanse that is Blood Gulch.

SARGE
Y'see Blood Gulch has high and not-high, uhh- hilly parts

SIMMONS
(quick)
Varied topography

SARGE
-and it leaves us open to getting dead-

SIMMONS
(quick)
Exposed to- fire

SARGE
-on both the *go-there-*

SIMMONS
(quick)
Ingress...

SARGE
-and the come-*here-y*-back

SIMMONS
The *evac?*

SARGE
Simmons how will you buy $5 words with your *pay docked?!*

GRIF
How else would we get across to blue base?

SARGE
(thinking)
Safe passage across Blood Gulch... How indeed?

SIMMONS
According to UNSC doctrine we soften a fortified target with *ranged fire* until such time (as)-

SMASH CUT TO:

An enormous catapult, atop another enormous catapult.

SARGE
Rhetorical question comma catapult

GRIF
What?

SARGE
We're gonna fly!
(CUT TO EXTREME CLOSE)
Business class.

GRIF
What is that

SARGE
It's a catapult, Grif

GRIF
I see that, Sarge, why is it on top of another catapult?

SARGE
You gotta get back again, doncha?

GRIF
ME?!

Reality strobes purple and white with an ELECTRICAL CRACKLE. The guys look around.

SIMMONS
What the-

SARGE
Y'see when I want a task done efficiently I choose a *lazy person,* who'll find the *easiest* way to complete their mission.

GRIF
(ONE CHUCKLE)
And my mission is *kill myself?*
(LONG BEAT)
Sarge you're- not saying anything-

SARGE
Oh I- sorry I was just picturing it. No, the other reason I picked you is your enormous ass!

Close on Grif's ass, Sarge right of frame.

SARGE (CONT'D)
Land on that thing and you'll live. Every time.

EXT. BLUE BASE ROOF - DAY

GENKINS - in Church's armor - watches Red Base through his sniper scope

GENKINS
(IN 'GENKINS' VOICE)
Where the blazes did he get lumber?

CABOOSE (O.S.)
Church?

Pan to include Caboose.

CABOOSE (CONT'D)
Um, sir?

GENKINS
Oh!
(PIVOTS)
(IN CHURCH VOICE)
Yes that's my name. Lieutenant Leonard Church. And you're Private Caboose. The rookie.

CABOOSE
Uh huh.

GENKINS
How may I help?

CABOOSE
You're talking weird.

GENKINS
It's how I've always sounded.

CABOOSE
(BEAT)
No. Anyway I saw a ghost-

GENKINS
A what?

CABOOSE
-and it was super spooky and I wanna think about something *else* and the cable's out and Tucker's got a headache so could you please make something distracting happen please sir?

A distant SCREAM gets louder.

Pieces of lumber fall all around. Grif, SCREAMING, lands on his ass and skids.

GRIF
(CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

After a moment he gets up and limps away as fast as he can, clutching his ass.

GRIF (CONT'D)
God damn it!

CABOOSE
(LEAVES)
That was perfect thank you!

GENKINS
(GENKINS VOICE)
How do they do it?
(LOOKS IN SCOPE)
How do they always survive?

Reality FLICKERS purple and white like earlier. Genkins looks around.

GENKINS (CONT'D)
(quick)
Oh that's not good.

EXT. BLOOD GULCH, NEAR RED BASE - DAY

Sarge is fitting a small parachute to the catapult-atop-a-catapult

SARGE
Now that, uh- ugly *test catapult* is out of the way, we're ready to launch *mark II*. First we wanna lure the blues out in the open, score some collateral damage when this baby lands.
(TURNS)
(faux-thoughtful)
But what could we lure them with? What, Simmons, do they want that we have?

Simmons and LOPEZ stand facing Sarge.

SIMMONS
If it was *catapult pieces* it isn't now.

SARGE
They want *our flag.*

SIMMONS
(thinks)
(GASPS)
You can't really-

SARGE
I can really. Using the red flag as bait is the one thing they won't expect.

GRIF (O.S.)
(tired)
They won't be expecting it-

Enter Grif, limping.

GRIF (CONT'D)
(nearly slurring)
-because it's *batshit.*

SARGE
You survived! Oh I knew you could do it and technically nobody can disprove that.

GRIF
(WALKS AWAY)
I am *out.*

SARGE
Oh you just don't wanna die

GRIF
OF COURSE I DON'T WANNA (DIE)- WHY WOULD ANY(BODY)-

SARGE (INTERRUPTING)
(IGNORING GRIF)
Y'see men, the blues will be indoors *hiding* cus we just dropped a tonne'a junk on 'em. Also, a catapult.

GRIF (O.S.)
Hey!

SARGE
(HEFTS ROCKET LAUNCHER WITH THE RED FLAG IN ITS BARREL)
But once I do *this*

He FIRES the flag at blue base on '*this*'. It soars and lands by blue base.

TUCKER (DISTANT) (O.S)
What the fuck?

SARGE
-they're *drawwwn* out into the open, slaves to their *flag lust*. And *wham!* Flattened! Grif will then dismount-

GRIF
No.

SARGE
-impale as many of the blues as he can with our flag-

GRIF
What?

SARGE
-grab *their* flag, and finally, weathering a hail of enemy fire, he'll wind up, aim, possibly *repair* the second catapult for his return flight-

GRIF
Of course.

SARGE
(brightly)
-soaring over the gulch and landing *safely* on this landmark!

Sarge points at a large rock with a red X painted onto it.

BIRDSONG. Grif raises his hand.

SARGE (CONT'D)
I'll be answering questions after the mission.

GRIF
I volunteer Donut.

SARGE
Rookie's AWOL, son! When I get ahold'a that pink-frosted buttcake...

GRIF
Then I meant uhhh -uhhh*Lopez.*

SARGE
Hm... he's good with gadgets, he could take, *iunno*, my instant camera? A recon flight! Bravo Zulu, Grif. What say you, Lopez?

Lopez is silent.

SARGE (CONT'D)
(BEAT)
(shot/reverse shot)
Great!

EXT. BLOOD GULCH, NEAR BLUE BASE - DAY

Genkins walks to a bridge in the gulch. Reality FLICKERS again, purple and white.

GENKINS
(walks faster)
Shit shit shit...

Genkins checks around, making sure that he's alone.

DRAMATIC MUSIC

A circle on the ground glows, and Genkins sinks down into it.

INT. GULCH ELEVATOR

Aerial view of Genkins as the elevator descends. Reality FLICKERS.

EXT. BENEATH THE GULCH

Pure whiteness. A hole in the ceiling. Genkins descends through it - the only figure in a white expanse - slowly coming to a stop on a glowing circle of red gulch rock.

He takes a few steps towards us. END MUSIC.

GENKINS
O'Malley, *bubi*.

Reverse shot. O'MALLEY is lying on the ground beside an ordinary-looking chair. He begins to come to.

GENKINS (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

O'MALLEY
Who are you?

GENKINS
(pleasant)
What are you doing out of the machine?

O'MALLEY
I was- with Chrovos.

GENKINS
(helpful)
I asked you a question!

O'MALLEY
It was- it was *hurting* me.

Genkins lifts O'Malley to his feet and dusts him off.

GENKINS
Oh darling, pain is the only currency you had on you. You're lucky it can buy you time.

In O'Malley's visor, Genkins' armor - not Church's - is reflected.

O'MALLEY
What- what does (that)-

GENKINS
(PACES)
-that chair do? Don't worry yourself about its function, but I *will* say it has a *frightfully* important job and I'd like you to get back on it please. Or else, for example, I'll kill you.

O'MALLEY
(GRUNT)
(hisses)
So do it.

GENKINS
(APPROACHES SLOWLY)
Great! Happy to oblige. Though without *you* all the amnesiac blues, reds *etcetera* are as good as dead. Do you really want that?

O'MALLEY
(CHUCKLE)
You really don't know who I am, do you.

GENKINS
Maybe not. So why don't you tell me-
(BEAT)
Doc?

O'MALLEY
Doc's gone, you ludicrous arse-
(CHOKED SOUND)

Genkins has grabbed him by the throat.

GENKINS
Gone? Will he still be waiting in the wings as I enter his friends' minds? As I disassemble them? When panic flowers in their every synapse as I disassociate them with their bodies, and then their minds, until they are but a thought's echo?
(CROUCHES BY O'MALLEY)
They will wish for something as familiar as pain.

O'Malley twitches as Genkins gets up in his face.

GENKINS (CONT'D)
(gravelly)
Something as grounded in reality.

DOC
(WRENCHES FREE)
Don't!

Genkins stands. Doc/O'Malley writhes.

GENKINS
(DARK CHUCKLE)

O'MALLEY
Shut up, weakling-

DOC (INTERRUPTING)
Just- please don't hurt them. I'll-
(exhale)
I'll get in the chair.

Doc gets up and, miserable, walks to the chair. Genkins returns to the elevator circle.

GENKINS
Good boy.

An ECHOING THUMP from above.

GENKINS (CONT'D)
(beat)
(LOOKS UP)
(LOOKS AT DOC. WIDE)
What the hell was that?

EXT. BLUE BASE - DAY

TUCKER is atop the base, pointing his pistol out of frame.

TUCKER
Hey! *Trespacito!*

Reverse shot, Lopez is on the ground surrounded by catapult pieces. One is sticking out of his chest. He's looking at it.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
What are you doing on our turf?

Lopez's head falls back. THUD.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Flag and a hostage. Tucker done *good!*
(CLUTCHES HEAD, WINCES IN PAIN)
Hey buddy-

Lopez is still.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
-you got any aspirin?

An unopened parachute hits unconscious Lopez in the face.

TUCKER (CONT'D)
Ooh! Okay you keep it.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAINS ('GLACIER' TERRAIN, HALO 5)

A mountain range — jagged grey teeth piercing white silk. FRIGID WIND.

ATLUS (O.S.)
This is it. *This* is how I die.

Close on snowy footprints.

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Millennia, then- this. This lifeless place. Alone.

Follow the footprint trail.

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What happened? Oh, what *happened?*

ATLUS is sitting in the snow, human-sized.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
Mortal. Powerless. *Fun-sized.*

View of the mountains.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
Where am I?

A snowman with a snow helmet looks down at Atlus (low angle).

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(FUNNY VOICE)
You're in hell, Atlus.

Reverse shot. Close.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
That cannot be. I am a god.

Reverse.

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(FUNNY VOICE 2)
No.

Widen right to include a second snow-soldier.

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(FUNNY VOICE 2)
You are but an AI. We shisno defeated you.

Reverse shot.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
(NORMAL)
You wouldn't, you shisno were meant to be my saviors! My *friends!*

Wider. A snowperson each for Wash, Carolina, and the whole gang.

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(MULTIPLE FUNNY VOICES)
Ha! You have no friends, Atlus. You're lost in this wasteland, *alone!* We shisno shattered the timeline because we dislike you as a person and we secretly think-

Reverse shot to Atlus.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
(FUNNY VOICE)
-your voice is dumb
(run-on)
(NORMAL VOICE)
No! You!

Reverse shot.

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It is *you* whose voice is dumb, shisno!

Extreme long.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
(ECHOING OFF MOUNTAINS)
My voice is coool!

KALIRAMA (O.S.)
Atlus for crying out loud-

Atlus is in a 'Platoon' pose. Pan to reveal the god KALIRAMA off 10ft behind him.

KALIRAMA (CONT'D)
-it's only been half an hour *how* are you insane?

ATLUS
(MAD HICCUP-LAUGH)
You're not real. You're a mirage!
(KALIRAMA'S SWORD SKEWERS A SNOWMAN, ATLUS DUCKS)
Agh okay! Sorry.
(GETS UP)
You know how I am in a crisis.

KALIRAMA
(GROANS, LOOKS OFF)
(quick)
I hate that this is cute.

ATLUS (O.S.)
Ha *haaa.*

A distant RUMBLING EXPLOSION. The gods look about.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
Um.

Cut to wide.

KALIRAMA
What the hell was (that)-

BERNSTORM (O.S.)
My kin-

BERNSTORM skid down a mountain slope on his feet.

BERNSTORM (CONT'D)
-this... Mountain range.

Extreme long of the mountains.

BERNSTORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's just an endless expanse. A repeating pattern in every direction.

BERNSTORM (CONT'D)
We're not even on a *planet.*

KALIRAMA
(quick, *sotto voce*)
Oh shit, *are* we in hell?

ATLUS
Pardon?

BERNSTORM
We're lost. All is lost. Oh, if only Huggins & Muggins were here-

KALIRAMA
They'd want you to be strong.

BERNSTORM
How can I-

KALIRAMA
We're not lost; this odd place is the only location in the multiverse with capacity for multiple AI, we didn't use the last of our power *getting* here so you could *sulk*.
(MORE)

KALIRAMA (CONT'D)
Survive, Bernstorm. Let's get a shelter up.
(TO ATLUS)
Husband, we must make camp. Have you strength remaining?

ATLUS
(GROAN)
Alas!

KALIRAMA
(BEAT)
So- No?

ATLUS (INTERRUPTING)
Oh, *no* I- no-
(GESTURES TO SNOWMEN)
-should I ask my friends?
Washington here is very strong.

BERNSTORM
How do you tell them all apart?

KALIRAMA
(GRITTED TEETH)
Don't encourage (him)-

ATLUS (INTERRUPTING)
Oh-

Sharp truck between each identical snowperson.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
Washington, Carolina, Sarge, Caboose, Grif, Tucker, Simmons, Lopez
(anger)
Donut
(sweet)
and the irrepressible Sister
(CHUCKLES)
That minx.

Deadpan look from Kalirama at Atlus.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
What, you didn't learn their names?

KALIRAMA
They destroyed reality.

ATLUS
(hands on hips)
Those happy-go-lucky scamps.

KALIRAMA
They took our son from us!

ATLUS
We don't know that.

Atlus walks over.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
For all we know that ragamuffin is off with the shisno enjoying mead and a dirty magazine.
(PUTS A HAND ON HER SHOULDER)
And wherever Genkins is, at least he's not stuck here.

Extreme long. HOWLING WIND.

ATLUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Because it's possible we're in Hell.

EXT. BLOOD GULCH - NIGHT (SEE FORGE NOTES)

SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC

SARGE, GRIF and SIMMONS walk in a SWAT snake, crouched.

Sarge stops, turns, and melees a few times.

GRIF
If you're doing Seal Team 6 hand signals we can't see them-

SARGE (INTERRUPTING)
Shhh it's a stealth mission

GRIF
(STANDS)
They're all *asleep*. Sarge I'm turning my flashlight on-

SARGE
No *wait*

Grif's flashlight turns on.

SARGE (CONT'D)
Oh that is actually much better.

Sarge stands and turns his flashlight too.

SIMMONS
(SIGHS)
(STANDS, TURNS ON FLASHLIGHT)
I think this is where the uh, *tactipult* landed, sir.

SARGE
Where's Lopez's corpse?

SIMMONS
He may have moved on

SARGE
Poor dead bastard

SIMMONS
-to another location

SARGE
Oh. Well wherever he is he's horribly disorganised

Sarge illuminates a huge dark patch on the ground

SARGE (CONT'D)
He forgot his blood.

GRIF
That's- wow

SIMMONS
I volunteer myself for a field transfusion

SARGE
(CROUCHES, LOOKING AT BLOOD)
Too risky. He could become infused with the powers of a *Simmons* 'n, well, he's mediocre enough

SIMMONS
(quick)
Aw.

GRIF
(CROUCHING)
Wait is this *oil?*

SARGE
Back in Texas oil seeped up from the ground. Texas tea, we called it! Not to my taste, a lil strong

GRIF
What's your point?

SARGE
(brightly)
I'm from *Texas!*

THUD. A flashlight turns off.

SARGE (CONT'D)
What was that?

THUD. A flashlight turns off.

SARGE (CONT'D)
(BEAT)
Aw heck.

THUD.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BENEATH BLUE BASE - NIGHT

A light is SWITCHED ON in a room with bunks, a TV, and a row of assorted helmets.

GENKINS (O.S.)
I accept your bizarre and sudden surrender-

GENKINS and CABOOSE, looking down at us. Truck back through iron bars.

GENKINS (CONT'D)
-and may I say you are just the worst rescue party in the history of rescue parties.

Reverse shot. Sarge, and Grif are behind bars.

GRIF
What do you want?

CABOOSE
Well it *was* pieces of catapult-

GENKINS
What else could the blue team want? We have your flag, your entire team minus Donut-

CABOOSE
-comma where is Donut-

ANGLE GRINDER sounds in the background.

GRIF
-and once we finish *torturing* the *maroon-colored one* for your cable password-

SIMMONS (O.S.)
FATHER
(GRINDING)
(SCREAMS)
WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME

GENKINS
-we can state we've officially conquered Blood Gulch! 100% completion & a *pacifist* achievement.

GRINDING SOUNDS. SIMMONS SCREAMING.

SARGE
Look, I'm the one who commanded this mission-

GRINDING, SCREAMING.

SARGE (CONT'D)
I realise my men and I have slighted you-

SCREAMING, GRINDING.

SARGE (CONT'D)
(SHAKES HEAD)
Oh god, Simmons-
(SIMMONS SCREAMING)
Please, I'm begging you-
(SIMMONS SCREAMING)
can you shut that damn door?

Everyone looks at the door. Caboose closes it & Simmons is CUT OFF MID-SCREAM.

GENKINS
Now still until we know what to do with you. I'd hate to have you hogtied and gagged, no matter how much the yellow one asks me to.

SISTER (O.S.)
(dramatic)
You *monster!!*

Close on Grif, turning to the far end of the prison section.

GRIF
Kaikana?!

Grif POV. SISTER is sitting on Lopez's unconscious body.

SISTER
Kaikana!

GRIF
What the-

SISTER
(STANDS)
-heck am I doing here? Iunno Dex. Just kind of uh- happened.

GRIF
Weird.

SISTER
One minute I'm in my barracks surrounded by grunts *interpret that however* then I'm in some canyon. Is this uhh-

Shot of room.

SISTER (CONT'D)
Where you work?

GRIF
Yeah.

SISTER
Lame.

The DOOR OPENS.

SARGE
Door.

TUCKER (O.S.)
Church, I- I need help-

Tucker falls into the doorway, unsteady.

GENKINS
You uh- alright there?

TUCKER
It's my head- I-
(CLUTCHES HEAD AND CRIES OUT)
There's- there's something- my-

CABOOSE
Tucker!

TUCKER
I'm okay- I'm-

He HITS THE GROUND

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAINS ('GLACIER' TERRAIN, HALO 5)

An ECHOING BOOM reverberates off the mountains. Atlus looks up from his igloo-making.

KALIRAMA (O.S.)
Another one.

ATLUS (O.S.)
I don't like that sound.

Kalirama emerges from the igloo and looks at the sky.

ATLUS (CONT'D)
I don't like it at all.

KALIRAMA
It's the *mountains,* love, *natural phenomena*, there's no need to-

LOUDER ECHOING BOOM

KALIRAMA (CONT'D)
-shit my pants!

BERNSTORM (O.S.)
I think I see something!

Bernstorm is atop a nearby rocky peak, facing away.

BERNSTORM (CONT'D)
Yes.
(TURNS TO THEM)
Good news! It looks like we're not alone!

KALIRAMA
Who is it?

BERNSTORM
Well- it looks like-
(TURNS TO THEM)
It looks like one of the shis(no)-

He is PIERCED WITH AN ENERGY SWORD. GASPS and reactions from all below.

ATLUS
Bernstorm!

KALIRAMA
No!

In profile, the sword un-skewers Bernstorm. He falls. Sliding down the snow, his body comes to a stop by the gods' feet.

Pan up to the peak. A figure, silhouetted.

FIGURE
Hey! *AI!*

They power down their sword. It's Tucker, but not the usual Tucker. SUPEREGO TUCKER.

SUPEREGO TUCKER
What are you doing on my turf?

CUT TO BLACK

ECHO STAB.